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Providence Independent, V. 8, Thursday, June 8,
1882, [Whole Number: 365]

Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 8.

TRAPPE, PENN'A., JUNE 8, 1882.

WHOLE NUMBER, 365.

The Village Blacksmith.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
Like a measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.
And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.
He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.
It sounds to him like the mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise;
He needs not think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.
Tolling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morn'ning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on our sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

LONGFELLOW.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Robert Myron was the son of an English tenant-farmer, who in the year 1848 found his family expenses increasing so much faster than his income that it was absolutely necessary to decrease the former, since the latter could not be made larger.

In the hope of being able to assist his father in some way Robert came to this country, and failing to find employment near the metropolis walked from town to town, until when near Rochester, New York, he was hired as a farm laborer by Judge James E. Berry. During six years young Myron worked industriously, sending nearly all of his earnings to his parents, and then came the sad news that both father and mother had died on the same day. After recovering from this shock it was but natural that the young man should begin to think of establishing a home for himself, and quite as natural that his love should go out to the daughter of his employer, who plainly showed her preference for the young man who had so devoted himself to his parents. But Judge Berry, while he recognized in Myron an invaluable farm laborer, and had not the same views regarding him as a son-in-law that Miss Bessie had, and the consequence was that the lovers, finding it impossible to change the father's opinion, resolved to elope and build up for themselves a little home in the far West.

In 1858, with but a few hundred dollars and the Judge's curse, the young couple were married, and settled at Green Lake, Michigan, where, at the beginning of the year 1862, they were in reasonably prosperous circumstances, with two children to make glad their humble log cabin. Their farm was situated several miles from any settlement, and although the Indians were rising against the whites in many portions of the State, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Myron felt any uneasiness, because they believed they had succeeded in establishing the most friendly relations with such of the "forest children" as they came in contact with. Therefore they were by no means alarmed when one day five Indians stalked into the cabin just as the noonday meal was being served. It had ever been Mr. Myron's custom to invite such visitors to partake of food, and on this, as on other occasions, they readily accepted the invitation; but, greatly to the surprise and uneasiness of their host, instead of placing their rifles in one corner of the room, as usual, they held them between their knees, the muzzles of the weapons showing just above the edge of the table.

Mr. Myron was too well versed in Indian customs not to know that such action on the part of his guests meant mischief. With the view of showing them that he understood this branch of

hospitality, and in the slight hope of intimidating them, he arose from the table, took from the rack on the wall his rifle and fowling-piece, and carefully examined them to show they were loaded. Why the savages did not attack him then is one of the inexplicable things in Indian warfare. Instead of making any hostile demonstrations they stalked gravely out of the house, disappearing behind a clump of bushes.

For the moment Myron believed he had wronged his guests, and that they had taken umbrage at his movements when their intentions were peaceful. Still holding his rifle in his hand, Myron stepped to the open door for the purpose of ascertaining whether his guests had really departed. When the farmer appeared on the threshold the report of a rifle was heard, and Myron fell, with a dangerous but not necessarily fatal wound in his side.

Women who live on the border, where they are constantly menaced by danger, learn early in life that they must deny themselves woman's privilege of fainting. When Mr. Myron fell, his wife sprang to his defence rather than assistance. To close and barricade windows and doors was but the work of a moment when everything was prepared for such occasions, and then the heroic woman turned her attention to her husband and children. The father's wound bled but little, and save to staunch the blood the wife could not aid him, except by piling the bedding around him in such a way that, in a sitting posture, he could face the closed door. The temporary safety of the children was secured by fastening them in the cellar, where they would be beyond the reach of any bullets their late visitors might send, and after she had perfected her plan of defense she began to assume the offensive.

By removing the mud that filled the crevices of the logs at the end of the house, loopholes were formed, and through these the husband and wife began an assault upon their foes. With his rifle Myron shot one of the Indians, and at the same time his wife killed another with the fowling-piece. By this time the foe, finding their intended victims more tenacious of life than they supposed, resorted to stratagem to accomplish the massacre. In the field was a cart half filled with hay; in the stable-yard stood a yoke of oxen eating. To fasten the animals to the cart and not expose themselves to the deadly aim of those in the house was a difficult task, but one that the Indians finally accomplished. To get the load of hay against the building, that it might be set on fire, was still more difficult, and in this case unsuccessful, for before it could be done both husband and wife had shot an enemy, sought safety in precipitate flight.

Each moment the conflict lasted the husband grew weaker, and medical aid could not be procured without a journey of a hundred and eighty miles. To traverse this distance there was no other mode of conveyance than the ox-cart. In this rude vehicle Mrs. Myron placed her husband and children, and not once during the tedious journey, made painful by the suffering of the man for whom she had braved the dangers and discomforts of a frontier life, was a halt made.

At St. Cloud surgical aid was procured, and there, after Mr. Myron's recovery, he sought work of any kind that would bring in sufficient for the support of his family, since the depredations of the Indians had impoverished him. It was only by the greatest exertions that Myron could keep his family from actual want; and hearing that laborers were in greater demand at Cape Girardeau, he, with his wife and children, embarked on the steamer Tidal Wave for the place, after having remained at St. Cloud nearly a year.

The voyage was never completed, however, for when Tower Grove, Missouri, was reached, a fire broke out on the ill-fated steamer, and in a very short time she was burned to the water's edge. The loss of life was considerable, and among the missing ones were the two Myron children.

For the second time Robert Myron was homeless and penniless, with his sufferings intensified by the loss of his children. Perhaps it was fortunate for him that he was obliged to work very hard simply to keep the wolf from the door, for it prevented him from brooding over his misfortunes, as even a stronger man might have done.

During the two years that elapsed after the burning of the Tidal Wave

Robert Myron labored industriously, but without success, so far as the accumulation of worldly goods was concerned; he had been able to pay the rent of a rude cabin three miles from the village of Tower Hill, and to furnish it scantily. But the expenses attendant upon the birth of two children and his own severe illness, during which he was confined to his bed two months, had exhausted the small fund he had succeeded in saving to enable him to remove to Cape Girardeau.

Then came a time when he could no longer find employment near his wretched home, and he sought it some miles up the river, going and returning each day in a small boat. Even then it appeared that misfortune was not wearied with pursuing him, for one night when returning from his work a storm came up, which overturned his frail skiff, and, nearly exhausted, he was thrown upon a narrow bar of sand that made out from the bank of the river at the spot where the Tidal Wave was burned. On this frail and treacherous foot-hold he managed to remain during the night, in full sight of the town, but unable to attract attention to his desperate condition.

The dawn of day revealed still more horrors, for close beside him, having evidently been unheeded by the waves, was the skeleton of a human being. At first Myron felt that fear which seems to be natural in man when he sees the deserted totem of one of his kind; but the resting-place which the waves gave to the living and the dead was so small that he was obliged to remain almost in actual contact with the yellow bones. As he sat by the skeleton waiting for help from the shore, which seemed so tardy in coming, he saw about the ribs of the fleshless frame a leather belt. Curiosity overcame his horror, and, unfastening the belt, he found within it gold coin to the amount of five thousand dollars.

That Robert Myron was in a fever of excitement hardly need to be told. He had struggled to the full strength of man many years, and was hardly more than a pauper when he should have had at least a spot of God's foot-stool he could call his own. The dead had brought him what the living had refused. To take the gold for his own purposes seemed a theft, and yet he who had fastened it about his body could no longer use it. The struggle between his conscience and his necessity was a long one; but when those who came to rescue him arrived at the sandbar they found him with a skeleton, on which nothing could be seen, and no one could have fancied that the half-drowned man had found a treasure. That the bones were those of one of the passengers of the Tidal Wave no one doubted, and they were given a resting-place among the nameless graves of those who had lost their lives in the disaster. No one save Robert Myron and his wife knew of the money-belt, or that on the inside of it, cut deep in the thick leather, was the name "Henry Parks."

But Myron, having his money, did not dare to use it openly lest people should question how he got it. He had agreed with his wife that they should use the gold for their own benefit, but do it with a view of returning it if they should ever find the dead man's heirs. This he hoped to do by making such investments as could be readily realized upon so that they might show themselves to be good, even if self-elected, stewards.

The cabin they lived in and the five acres of land surrounding it was for sale at a price below its real value. Myron represented to the owner that, despite appearances, he had succeeded in saving a small amount of money—about half the price asked—and offered to buy it if his note would be accepted for the balance. The bargain was made and Myron still continued to work by the day for any one who would hire him, tilling his own farm when he could find no other work. Then he invested in a very small way in stock, buying when he could get decided bargains only. Year by year he added to his possessions, and his neighbors all called him a very "thrifty man."

All his investments were good ones, since none were made save with a view of converting everything into cash at a moment's notice if necessary, and Robert Myron became a wealthy man. As is usual, with wealth came the respect of his neighbors who, to show their appreciation of money, elected him to the office of county judge.

During the year 1870 the inhabitants of Tower Hill witnessed the destruction of another steamer by fire at almost the exact place where the Tidal Wave went down. Among all those men who labored to save life none who more acceptive than Robert Myron, and his house was converted into a hospital for the reception of those who were injured, but saved from death.

Mrs. Myron was as earnest in her efforts to comfort the distressed people as was her husband, and her labor was signally rewarded by finding among the unfortunate ones whom she had not heard from since the day she left his home to find another with the one man she loved above all others. The daughter's heart was made still more glad when the old gentleman told her and her husband that he had been searching for them several months in the hope of inducing them to return to his lonely home or allow him to stay with them.

Then he told a strange story, and one which lifted a load that had grown heavier with each succeeding year from his son-in-law's heart.

In 1861 Mrs. Myron's aunt had died, bequeathing to her niece the sum of five thousand dollars. Judge Berry, half-reluctant that he had not looked with favor upon his daughter's marriage, had sent his clerk to carry to her this legacy. The messenger had written to his employer from St. Cloud in 1862, stating that he had traced Mr. and Mrs. Myron to that place, but that from there they had gone, as he had reason to believe, to Cape Girardeau, which place he was about to start for in the steamer Tidal Wave. From that time Mr. Berry had never heard from his clerk, and he believed he had lost his life when the steamer was burned.

As the old gentleman finished his story, the husband and wife gazed at each other with an almost despairing hope in their eyes, and it was only with the greatest difficulty Judge Myron could ask the question, "What was the man's name?"

"Henry Parks." The load was lifted for evermore; the money which they believed was another's belonged rightfully to them; the investments made with a view to being able to restore the principal at any time insured their own prosperity, and by purloining their own from the dead they had honestly relieved themselves from the thralldom of poverty.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Anecdotes of an Outlaw.

Jesse James' nearest neighbors, on the corner of Thirteenth and Lafayette streets, speak in the highest terms of the departed outlaw. During the last snowstorm a number of young ladies at 1320 Lafayette street, were in the yard snowballing each other, when Jesse, to them known only as the quiet, neighborly Mr. Howard, chanced to pass the premises on his way home. In a spirit of mischief one of the ladies molded a snowball and threw it at Jesse, who burst in a hearty laugh, and gathering up a handful of snow began to throw back at his aggressors. With loud screams of laughter the ladies started to run down the hill, with the domesticated guerilla and train robber in close pursuit, showering snow on the fleeing bery of beauties.

All speak in the highest terms of Mrs. James, and the neighbors were congratulating themselves upon the proximity of such agreeable neighbors, when Jesse's death disclosed to them the truth of the adage that all that glitters is not gold.

In the new directory just published, Jesse's name appears as Thomas Howard, but no vocation is given.

Jesse, among other accomplishments, could lay claim to being a good billiard player, and some of his evenings were spent at a saloon in South St., Joseph, where he could indulge his passion for the game with a number of young men who he often met. One dark night a young man said:

"Mr. Howard, I don't like the idea of going home to-night. It is dark, and a man may be held up."

"Where do you live?" asked the pseudo Mr. Howard.

"On the hill was the reply."

"I'll see you home," said Jesse, "and nobody shall lay a hand on you while I am with you."

He kept his word. They went home together. The bare recollection, though always produces a cold sweat on the young man's person.

The Hand that Rocks the World.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Angels guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hotel—
Oh, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it—
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's tender fountain,
Bowers may with beauty grow—
Mothers first to guide the streamlet,
For their soul's unerring flow—
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamer or darkness hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman! how divine your mission,
Here upon your natal sod
Keep, oh keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother-love imparted;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of women!
Fathers, sons and daughters cry;
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky;
Mingles where no tempests darken,
Rainbows evermore are hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

A Millionaire as a Beggar.

A Paris correspondent says the following good story comes from Berlin: Eugene Delacroix, dining one day in Baron James de Rothschild's hospitable house, fixed his eyes repeatedly on his host in so searching a manner that the latter could not help asking his guest, when they left the dining room, what it was that had to such a degree riveted his attention. Delacroix acknowledged that, having for some time been vainly searching for a head such as he would like to have for a prominent beggar in his new picture, he was suddenly struck with what a splendid model the Cressus would make who was entertaining him at his table.

The Baron to sit for a beggar? Rothschild, who was fond of art, and not displeased to be reckoned among its chief protectors, gracefully assented to act a part probably never performed before by a millionaire, and appeared the next morning in the celebrated painter's studio. Delacroix hung a tunic on his shoulder, placed a small staff in his hand, and assigned to him a posture as if he were resting on the steps of an ancient Roman temple.

In this attitude he was discovered by a young friend and pupil of the painter's, who alone had the privilege of being admitted to the studio at all times. Surprised by the excellence of the model, he congratulated his master on having at last found exactly what he wanted. Not for a moment doubting that the model had just been begging at the porch of some church, or at the corner of a bridge, and much struck by his features, the young man, spying a moment when the artist's eyes were averted, slipped a 20-franc piece into the model's hand. Rothschild kept the money, thanking the giver by a look, and the young man went away. He was, as the banker soon found out from Delacroix, without fortune, and obliged to give lessons in order to eke out his living. Some time later the youth received a letter, mentioning that charity bears interest, and that this accumulated interest on twenty francs, which he, prompted by a generous impulse, had given to a man in appearance a beggar, was lying at his disposal in Rothschild's office, to the amount of 10,000 francs, having borne five hundred fold, like the seed in the parable.

She Had Him There.

A Quaker shop-keeper once met a Quaker customer of his going home with her bundles. He had been absent from his place, and had a notion in his wise head that she had been trading with a rival whom he did not very much love.

"How much did thee give a yard for this, Mary?"

"One dollar."

"Why, I am surprised at thee. I could let thee have it for seventy-five cents. And how much for this?"

"Two dollars."

"Why, that was unreasonable. I could let thee have it for a dollar and a-half. Why will thee go away trading with strangers and the world's people Mary?"

"I don't know what thee is talking about, friend John," she said; "but I did buy these things at thy store, and if she says thee truth, thee must owe me considerable money."

"The Pitfalls of Youth."

When I was a little fellow in Stuttgart, with yellow hair and wooden shoes, there came one day to the school which I attended an American boy named Jim Saunders, whose father was a New York broker. He was a quiet, simple-looking child, with great, soulful brown eyes, and an innocent look in his face that made us all think he couldn't know much.

We used to make fun of his peaked face and thin legs, because in Germany, you know, the children are all round-faced and fat. Little Jimmy never seemed to notice that we were enjoying ourselves at his expense, and he made us think he must be too simple for any use. But after he had been in the school about six months and could speak German pretty well, a circus came to town, and, of course, was the sole topic of conversation among the boys.

One day we were discussing the matter, when Saunders, who had been sitting quietly in a corner of the room, said he should think a little boy might crowd in under the circus tent and see the show that way. We all laughed at this exhibition of ignorance, because we knew how closely the tent was watched, and more than one of us had been made temporarily delirious by having the boss canvassman's boot lean suddenly against the seat of our pants. So when little Jimmy said this we laughed heartily, and Jacob Landeheimer, who was the biggest boy in school, said that nobody but a Yankee would talk so foolishly. But Jimmy seemed to think he was right, and finally Jacob offered to bet him two marks that he couldn't get into the circus under the tent.

Jimmy always had plenty of money, and he at once took the bet. Then several more of the boys began betting the little fellow until I felt sorry for him. He set the glasses firm at their exact focus.

This rough tube was the germ of that great instrument the telescope, to which modern science owes so much. And it was on October 22, 1608, that Lippersheim sent to his government three telescopes made by himself, calling them "instruments by means of which to see at a distance."

Not long afterward another man, Jacob Adriansz, or Metius, of Almar, a town about twenty miles from Amsterdam, claimed to have discovered the principle of the telescope two years earlier than Hans Lippersheim; and it is generally acknowledged that to one of these men belongs the honor of inventing the instrument. But it seems certain that Hans Lippersheim had never known or heard of the discovery made by Adriansz, and so, if Adriansz had not lived, we still should owe to Hans Lippersheim's quick wit and his little daughter's lucky meddling, one of the most valuable and wonderful of human inventions.

How a Little Girl Helped to Invent the Telescope.

Some of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally; and it has happened to more than one inventor, who had long been searching after some new combination or material for carrying out a new idea, to hit upon the right thing at last by mere chance. A lucky thing of this kind was the discovery of the principle of the telescope.

Nearly three hundred years ago, there was a living in the town of Middleburg, on the island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician named Hans Lippersheim. One day in the year 1608, he was working in his shop, his children helping him in various small ways, or romping about and amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying on his work-bench, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed:

"Oh, papa! See how near the steeple comes!"

Half-startled by this announcement the honest Hans looked up from his work, curious to know the cause of the child's amazement. Turning towards her he saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to the eye and the other at arm's length, and calling his daughter to his side he noticed that the eye-lens was plano-concave (flat on one side and hollowed on the other), while the one held at a distance was a plano-convex (flat on one side and bulging on the other). Then, taking the two glasses, he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses apart at their exact focus, and this had produced the wonderful effect that she had observed. His quick wit and skilful invention saw in this accident a wonderful discovery. He immediately set about making use of his own knowledge of lenses, and ere long he had fashioned a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses firm at their exact focus.

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Splendid Joke on his Wife.

Dave Grouty is one of the drierest jokers in the world, and he had just as soon play a joke on a member of his family as not. Dave's wife is a friend of his, and so she is subject to his jokes. She hates Indians, and always locks the doors when she sees the beggars who camp around Beaver Dam coming toward the house. Dave knew this, so he hired an Indian to go up to the house and get in with a pass key, and beg a pair of Dave's old pants of the good wife, which she would gladly give to get rid of him, and then offered the Indian half a dollar if he would go right into the parlor and put the pants on. Dave thought it would be a splendid joke on his wife, and he got a drug store man named Griffins to go with him and watch the fun from a distance. The Indian got in the house and when he asked for the pants the good lady saw through the joke and gave him Dave's Sunday pants, and he went in the parlor and was going to put them on. This was too much for her, and she went to the kitchen and a dipper of hot water. Nobody knows exactly what occurred, but Dave and Griffins suddenly saw an Indian come out of the front door, with one leg in a pair of doekskin and the other pants leg dangling in the air, and the Indian yelled as though he was in pain, and he pulled for the camp up the lake about six miles. As he passed the two gentlemen the Indian said: "Squaw heap spunky. Ugh! Hot water," and he was gone. Dave went home and asked what the news was, and found that he was out of a pair of Sunday pants, in the pocket which was \$12 in money, and his wife says when he wants to send his friends up to the house for any more pants to do so, by all means. She will be at home.—*Beaver Dam Argus.*

Census-Taking Under difficulties.

The difficulties of the census-taker in remote regions of the United States and even in our great cities, have been chronicled from time to time, but are a feather's weight compared with the burden borne by those in the far East. In Bengal for instance, the higher caste Hindoos show the greatest repugnance and evade question or numbering in every conceivable and inconceivable manner; the Musselmans regard the whole operation as impious, and the lower class considering it merely the prelude to new forms of taxation are dumb, or if forced to answer take the first opportunity to make way with the unlucky collector. Where women are concerned faithful returns are impossible. The majority refuse to believe that the English Government will voluntarily place men and women side by side on the same list, nor will any rajpoot give the number of daughters in his family. In spite of these facts the latest census is more trustworthy than any in the history of India, the figures being below rather than above the actual facts. Neither flood nor famine, ravages of any description have apparently affected the increase in population, which now so overflows every foot of soil, that loud demand is made for the immediate organization of some system of emigration toward less populous colonies.

Providence Independent.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
TRAPPE, MONTG., CO., PENN'A.
E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.
Thursday, June 8, 1882,
VOLUME EIGHT.

The founding of a newspaper is a laborious task, at best; easier when the publisher is in possession of ample means; much harder when attempted with no capital, save that secured from outside sources. But industry, like virtue, are their own reward.

Seven years ago the INDEPENDENT made its first appearance, asking public favor and patronage, and ever since its incipency, it has waxed in strength gradually, slowly; and to-day it appears before its readers enlarged in form and improved in appearance. The general public as a rule, are quick to appreciate substantial improvements, and we have no doubt the new issue in its present form and make-up will meet with the approbation of its readers. This view was one of the chief reasons for enlargement. We desired to publish a better paper, a livelier paper, and we needed more room to give satisfaction to both readers and advertisers.

The INDEPENDENT maps out its own course as it sails along over the now and then turbulent waters. It is no easy toiling to publish a newspaper, give opinions fearlessly, to take a stand in the interests of the public and maintain the right for the sake of right. It looks well on paper, but try it.

This paper has opinions of its own, and more, it is not afraid to express them. It is published for the benefit of the public and for the benefit of the publisher. It is owned by no party, no clique. A newspaper becomes an organ when it strives to mislead the public in the interests of a few individuals. It is compelled to publish an organ, starve, or quit the business, we shall choose the latter.

Our Platform: The maintenance of a free government "for the people and by the people." Opposition to any centralization of power in the hands of a few; free expression of public sentiment on all public questions, without fear or hindrance; honest government; the making of laws in the interest of the laboring men as well as railroad and other corporations; more honesty in high places and fewer attempts at stealing—in Congress for instance; competent men for public position, regardless of party affiliations. To publish just as much news, local and general as we can lay hold of.

Correspondence is earnestly solicited from different sections. Communications on subjects of public import, so long as they are kept within proper bounds, gratefully received.

In conclusion we most heartily thank our many patrons for their support and encouragement, and we trust, by continuing to do as near right as is possible in all cases, to merit their confidence and support in the future.

The Republican State Convention held in Harrisburg on the 10th of May is to be reconvened on Wednesday June 21, for the purpose of filling the vacancy on the ticket caused by the resignation of Tom Marshall, who was nominated for Congressman-at-large. It is anticipated by some that efforts will be made to reunite the now divided party. It must be a sober-faced expression this time. No sneering allowed, outside of the galleries.

It was the toothache that caused Cameron to rage like unto a freshly caged lion at the Continental last week. Well, the toothache is a desperate affliction, we know it is; but then the Independents were not responsible for Cameron's aching molar. The business men, however, have memorized the Senator's remarks in reference to the tariff. "Tall oaks from acorns grow"—Big mistakes from the raging toothache flow.

BRO. ROBERTS, of the Phoenixville Messenger, would like the delegates of Chester County to remember those resolutions of his, that were adopted at West Chester some time ago, when they went their way to Harrisburg on the 21st. That's right brother. Those resolutions were No. 1. We read and judged them, and it's our honest opinion. Now, see whether the delegates will pan out as good as the resolutions. We don't believe they will.

THE STRIKES
Among the iron workers in different sections of the country are assuming serious proportions, with no prospect of early termination. Are workmen benefitted by these demonstrations? When the iron industries are in full blast the puddlers and others who belong to the union make from \$4 to \$7 per day. The workmen who perform the ordinary labor around the manufactories and who do not belong to the union, make from \$1.25 to \$2.00 per day. When strikes are inaugurated, the poor laborer suffers the most. He is helpless. The union decides whether his family is to be supported or starved. The laborers, who toil from morn till eve, at \$1.25 per day, having, in many cases, large families to support, can ill afford to lose time. But the strikers say to the manufacturers: "You must do so and so, and if you don't we won't work, and will not allow others to take our places. The manufacturer who invests his capital certainly has some rights that at least ought to be respected, and in many instances retaliates by a flat refusal to comply with the demand of the strikers. The laborer is minus his daily work; his family of necessity suffers. The striker, who is a union man, draws on the reserve fund and lives, as well as usual until his means get short. He then gets work wherever he can, of course he does; but the day laborer suffers all the time for causes he is not responsible for. Trades unions work more lasting injury than good.

THE North Wales Record is of the opinion that the Independent movement will not strike this county, unless Cameron men be nominated for the legislature. The Independents will wait until Johnson is heard from, certainly; if he says strike, that will settle it. There won't be a grease spot left, not one. Three cheers for Johnson, he's the boy who makes de music, when de band begins to play.

REFORM
Whether Republicans accept the action of the Independent Republican Convention or not, they must fully recognize its earnestness, force, and significance. Such a body, animated by a spirit of reform, speaking publicly and fairly this sentiment of bossism or political machinery, has a deep meaning, and may have grave consequences. It must be conceded by all, that the Convention was strong in character, purpose, and principle—very strong in its sincere and unflinching Republicanism.

When such men as John I. Michell, John Stewart, William McMichael, Philip C. Garrett, George W. Merick, and others of like character stand together, proclaiming political reform within the party, its necessity cannot be questioned. And when they feel impelled by Republican principles, to strike outside of their party line, it is evidence of undeniable abuse of Republican management. This deplorable division might have been avoided by a proper political spirit and wise teachings—not that of self-exaltation, and the entire absence of boss tyranny and machine rule. Every honest and earnest Republican must look with grave concern upon the dangerous state of affairs.

Reform in politics is the cry in Pennsylvania to-day. Like every other reform that has been brought about in the history of the world, it must be guided and directed by wisdom, foresight and reason but radical, it may be. The reformation in the political institutions of England in the time of Cromwell is analogous to the cry of reformation in the Republican party of to-day. Tyranny and absolute rule of monarchs was at that time becoming hateful to the people who then made an effort to increase their liberty. To do this they naturally required a leader, and this they readily found in Cromwell. Unbounded ambition, foresight, profiting by in every new turn of affairs, seems to have formed the character of this great man. He had the power of adapting himself to the various changes, numerous as they were. He was the first to overthrow authority; the first to raise it up again, because there was no other than he that could take it and manage it.

Now, while evidently no English revolution will take place, it may furnish a vivid example of what the Independent movement may come to. There are enough Cromwells in Pennsylvania in sympathy with this movement to give it political importance next November. Revolution in politics means the defeat of the ruling party. The candidates named for the different offices are eminently fit to hold them, and if true to the sentiments expressed in the Independent platform, will evidently bring about the reform that every true heart-felt Republican wishes to see.

The Republicans of Pennsylvania are thus confronted by two Republican tickets. The gravity of the situation does not need to be disguised. Its importance demands the free and independent thought and action of every individual. While the Independents affirm that they are still Republicans and mean to remain Republicans, they look forward to a union of the party and entreat all other Republicans to aid whose duty it is to help in the union, and defeat "Prince Don Cameron." X. X. X.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 6, 1882.

There has been talk in some quarters about the necessity of creating a tribunal to take the settlement of contested cases out of the hands of Congress. Certain non-partisan journals have advocated such a plan, and there is much solid truth in the reasons assigned for it. "Congressmen simply vote the party ticket in deciding a contest with-out regard to right or wrong. This is done in so cynical a manner that it seems as if members of Congress had lost all feeling of the moral obliquity of it, and as if the strongest appeals to higher motives of action were and would remain unavailing. It is very evident that under such circumstances Congress is not the proper authority to decide contested-election cases, and that in order to secure justice and to arrest the infection of such demoralizing practices, it will be necessary to look for some judicial tribunal outside to which such cases can be submitted with the assurance that evidence will receive its due weight, and that the man justly entitled to the seat will have it, no matter whether his party is in a majority in Congress or not." This is all very well, but the question is, where are we to find the tribunal lifted above and beyond the political influences that control Congress. It has been pretty clearly demonstrated that the Federal Judiciary does not come up to that standard, and one of the strongest arguments for Democrats against Judge Davis' Supreme Court bill was the fact that President Arthur, an intense partisan, would likely appoint all those new judges from men of his own ilk. We had a lesson the people will not be slow to forget in the tribunal created to settle the contested election between Hayes and Tilden, when the judges taken from the Supreme bench, twisted the same point both ways—one way in Florida and another way in Oregon—to suit party ends.

Somebody has just been giving a touching account of Mr. Attorney General Brewster's ruffles. It says that the dainty ruffles at his wrists have often been noticed, because unusual in man's attire; but no one seems to understand the beautiful sentiment which for forty years has prompted him to wear them, in spite of unpleasant remarks. When he was first assuming the toga virilis, his mother, whose name he cannot even now mention without emotion, called him to her and ask him to grant a request of hers. She then explained that her father, whom she loved had always worn ruffled shirts, and she would like her son, for whom she anticipated an equally brilliant future as a lawyer, to wear ruffles in memory of his grandfathers. She said she would not require him to wear them on the bosom of his shirt, as that would be very conspicuous, since ruffles had been so long out of fashion for men's apparel, but she thought that at the wrist they were just the thing for a man's shirt; so she wished to make some herself and put them on her son's shirts. He acceded to her request, and for some years she always made his ruffles for him. He has worn them always since, and thus his ruffled shirts became an exponent not only of his love for his mother, but of hers for her father. The Attorney General's odd yellow-wheeled carriage created so much talk that he abandoned its use and lately drives a fine new one.

The Star-route trials are now actually in progress and it is altogether likely that by midsummer we shall reach the end of that disgraceful subject which has occupied so much attention for more than a year past. If the whole crowd of speculators could go up in a cloud with Guiteau on the 30th instant it would be a great relief. I do not predict, exactly, that the accused will be convicted, though convinced that they ought to be, but there is an even chance, perhaps, that justice will be done. The crooked and devious ways of the law's proceedings, the expedients of counsel, and the uncertainty of juries always render a case of this character of doubtful issue. When the first exposures were made of the frauds of this ring they scouted the idea of ever being punished. With ramifications reaching into every branch of social, official, and political life they undoubtedly constituted the most formidable band of organized robbers that ever existed. They openly boasted that no Republican administration would dare to prosecute them, and that any proceedings against them would be a mere sham, not intended to convict. They had no doubt, apparently, that by their money and influence they could stifle any inquiry into their villainies; and to this end they entered into wholesale purchases of Washington newspapers, expecting in this way to mould public opinion of the community from which the jurors were to be drawn to try their cases—should they ever be brought to trial. In the same line they engaged a formidable array of leading lawyers of the country for their defence. In short, they fully expected that by a free use of the money they had stolen from the Government they could bribe the press, corrupt public opinion, purchase judges and juries, and baffle all attempts to bring to justice. But they made a mistake in their low estimate of public morality. To their great surprise and discomfiture a Republican administration has gone right along with the preparation of evidence and indictments against them, and the loudest demand for their punishment has come from the Republican newspapers of the country. So political favor is not going to save them, and they just begin to realize, apparently, that the penitentiary is staring them in the face.

When the election cases in the House are settled we may look for a rapid dispatch of Congressional business up to the close of the session, which in all probability will end about the 1st of July. It is not likely that much more will be done than to pass the remaining appropriation bills. Congress can dispose of a large amount of business in a week when it really settles down to hard work, which it doubtless will be inclined to do now. It is only political questions that lead to controversy and waste of time. The democrats are a little out of humor, it is true, but members of both parties are anxious to get away, and all hope to do so about the time that Guiteau takes his aerial trip by the aid of a rope. None of the Congressmen, however, expect to require the assistance of hempen locomotion. Nobody but Robeson, the Speaker, and a few other leaders know why certain appropriation bills like the Naval bill and two or three others have been so held back. The new fiscal year, which all these appropriations are to cover, begins on the 1st of July. The law absolutely prohibits any purchases being made or money expended before it is appropriated. The Appropriation Committee, the Speaker and the majority who control the House know this perfectly well, and know that all the appropriation bills must be passed before the 30th of June. But they know more, for they know that by law purchases for the Army, Navy and different departments of the Government can be made only after previous advertisement, and that, therefore, these bills should be passed a month beforehand, so as to give heads of departments opportunity to tabulate the items, see what they have to spend and issue advertisements for their purchase. Of course the remainder of the necessary business of Congress, the greater and most important part of all—is necessary business—has now to be done in haste. But all experience proves that in the matter of passing appropriation bills in haste means jobbing, means corruption, means swindling of the tax-payers, robbery of the Treasury, and especially when a huge surplus revenue of \$150,000,000 has drawn hither a numerous lobby and when a person of the character and antecedents of Mr. Robeson controls the business of the House and controls to a great extent also the conclusions of the Appropriations Committee.

Jefferson's Body.
THE PROPOSED REMOVAL CAUSING WIDESPREAD INDIGNATION IN VIRGINIA.
RICHMOND, Va., June 4.
The proposition to remove the body of Thomas Jefferson from the old graveyard at Monticello, in this State, and place it in a cemetery in Washington, meets with widespread indignation in Virginia. The remains of the great statesman are interred in the old burial ground at Monticello near the University, and legal steps have already been taken to prevent the proposed desecration. Beneath a hickory tree whose shade first fell upon the grave of a kindred spirit, his earliest friend, the untimely dying Dabney Carr, and by the side of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, Mr. Jefferson directed that his remains should be laid under a plain granite obelisk, whereon should be inscribed: "Here lies buried Thomas Jefferson, the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." In spite of this plainly expressed wish of Mr. Jefferson a Washington City graveyard company, with the assent of Mrs. Meikleham, Mr. Jefferson's sole surviving grandchild, proposes to remove his body to his precincts. It is stated upon the highest authority that the assent of Mrs. Meikleham is worth nothing. She was not named nor alluded to in Mr. Jefferson's will. She never had one cent's worth of his property and therefore could have no right to convey his land, or his body that lies in it, to any human being. The graveyard belongs either to the devise of the late Thomas Jefferson Randolph himself, Mr. Jefferson's sole residuary legatee, or to the heirs of the late Captain U. P. Levy, by neither of whom will any right to remove his body be conceded to any one. If it leaves Monticello at all those who claim to it give them the right to say so declare that it must be by robbery. The authorities of Albemarle county will take such precautions as will prevent the probability of the commission of such an act of vandalism.

A Woman's Fight For Life.
From the Lexington Gazette.
During the week Mrs. Camden, who lives on the Lexington (Va.) and Covington turnpike road, one mile from town, was attacked by two black snakes whilst on her way to the spring. There is a patch through a field of grass leading to the spring, along which she was going when the snakes made fight. One of them wrapped itself around her foot and ankle whilst the other stood on its tail and endeavored to get around her waist and neck. She fought the reptiles with a bucket which she had in her hands and cried out lustily, when her son, a young man, came to the rescue with a hoe. One of the snakes left Mrs. C. and made a vigorous assault upon the young man, but he speedily dispatched it with his hoe and then went to the relief of his mother and succeeded in killing the other snake. The snakes were of the species known as "racers," and noted for their propensity to chase people when disturbed. They were about five feet long and very slim. Mrs. Camden, though terribly frightened, has suffered no ill consequences from the encounter.

Frederick Wilson and Alice Davis had borne unblemished reputations at Independence, Iowa. They resolved to marry, and thereafter devote themselves to leisure and luxury. Their plan for producing the necessary income was to forge a check for \$1,200, and with that capital go into business as dealers in counterfeit money, in which they understood the profits to be great. The forged check was cashed, and the couple fled to this city, where they spent \$400 for clothes and entertainment, and \$800 for a stock of bad bank notes. Returning to Chicago, where the stuff was to reach them by express, they found on opening the bundle that it contained only sawdust; and a detective who had laboriously traced their movements, was on hand to arrest them.

The Western Strike.
NO CHANGE IN THE SITUATION.
PITTSBURG, June 4.—There is no change in the situation of the great iron strike. The Pittsburgh manufacturers on Saturday received large invoices of nails and iron from Eastern manufacturers with which to fill present contracts. More goods will be received from the East to-day. Manufacturers here say that Eastern manufacturers and all Western employers who are using their make thoroughly understand the situation and are working harmoniously with them to defeat the demands for an increase made by the Amalgamated Association. President Jarrett and Secretary Martin did not return to the city from the great picnic at Beaver yesterday, and no news can be given from them.
The 1,500 miners who struck against a reduction from four to three and one-half cents a bushel for digging at pits on the Pan Handle Railroad are still out and both miners and employers are firm. The river miners were paid yesterday and they have already sent large contributions to the general office for the support of the strikers.

Murdering His Drunken Child.
ASHEVILLE, N. C., May 31.—Ruth Testaman, a bright, beautiful little girl of eight, was killed to-day by her father, Jacob Testaman, for getting drunk. Testaman is a well-to-do farmer, who lives fourteen miles from here. To-day he went off on a spree, accompanied by Ruth. While her father was lying down in the shade sleeping off the effects of his libations the child crept up to him, secured the bottle of whiskey, which he had near him, and poured the contents down her throat. The child made her way home, where her father found her, heavily drunk. He swore that he would kill her. He roused her up and told her of his intention. The little thing begged piteously for her life, saying, "Pa, don't kill me now, I'm drunk. Wait till I get sober." These appeals were of no avail. The infuriated man dragged his child out of bed and beat her to death. Testaman is an old tippler. Though Ruth accompanied her father on many of his drunken sprees and had often been sent to a neighboring grocery for liquor she had never before been tempted to taste it.

A New Trick of Tramps.
From the Helena Independent.
Five men arrived at Mullan Tunnel, Montana, a few days ago. They said they were destitute and anxious to work. The superintendent, after some talk with the parties, agreed to pay them so much per day and be responsible for their board and lodging. He gave each man an axe, with instructions to go into the timber and chop wood. The men took their axes and dimmers and set out to the allotted task. Five days he came and went, looking each evening like men who had done an honest day's work and faithfully earned their wages and rations, which they eagerly devoured. The sixth day arrived, but the five hewers of wood were missing. Failing to find them around, the superintendent went into the timber to see how much wood had been chopped. His disappointment can be imagined when not even a chip was visible, where it was supposed cords of wood were piled. But in a cozy nook, where the sun threw its brightest rays and the incline was the gentlest, five beds of the tenderest and softest pine fingers were found, and scattered around here and there were bits of the dinner the toilers never neglected to bring with them to their sunny retreat.

Harness Emporium,
Upper Providence Square Pa.,
JOHN G. DETWILER Proprietor.
[Successor to Jos. G. Gotwals]
The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he is prepared to fill all orders for Harness at short notice and at reasonable prices. GOOD MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP. A full stock of BLANKETS, TOP COVERS, IMPROVED COLLARS, WHIPS, &c., &c.
All kinds of Harness Oil, and a supply of all kinds of goods pertaining to the business. Repairing done in the best manner. Satisfaction guaranteed to all.
John G. Detwiler.
CUT THIS OUT!
We have stores in 15 leading Cities, from which our goods obtain their supplies quickly. Our Pictures and Principal Offices are at Philadelphia, Pa., and New York City, N. Y. Write to Agents Address
M. N. LOVELL PHILADELPHIA, PA.
BE NOT DECEIVED
By Plasters claiming to be an improvement on ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.
ALLCOCK'S is the original and only genuine Porous plaster. All other so called Porous Plasters are imitations. Beware of them See that you get an ALLCOCK'S PLASTER which we guarantee has effected more and quicker cures than any other external Remedy.
Sold by all Druggists.

COLLEGEVILLE
DRUG and PRESCRIPTION STORE!
Pure Drugs and Spices,
Patent Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Diarrhoea Mixture,
LINIMENT,
AGUE PILLS, LIVER PILLS,
Chicken Powder, for Gaps, Roup and Cholera,
JOSEPH W. CULBERT,
Two Doors above Post Office.

LADIES DRESS GOODS
IN DIFFERENT STYLES
LOWER THAN EVER.
BLACK GOODS, CASHMERES ALPACAS, BUNTINGS,
WHITE GOODS, LINEN LAWN, VICTORIA LAWN, PERCALES, &c.
NOTIONS.
A large Stock of Notions. Ladies, and Gents' Furnishing Goods at the lowest prices. HATS for men and boys—a much larger Stock than ever. In the line of GROCERIES, We are always fully supplied with the best in the Market. Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Dried Fruits, Syrups, Provisions, &c., &c.
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Ladies' Misses' and Childrens' Shoes and Slippers. Latest styles of boots and shoes for men and boys; just received a large new stock to be sold at bottom figures.

WALL PAPER.
Large Stock of the latest patterns. Glassware, Crockeryware, Wood and Willow ware Oils and Paints, Rubber Paint a specialty.
Thankful to our patrons for favors received in the past, we trust to merit—by fair dealing, good goods and reasonable prices—continued and increased patronage.

BEAVER & SHELLENBERGER,
Trappe, Pa.
FRESH GROCERIES!
COFFEES, TEAS, SPICES,
CANNED FRUIT, DRIED FRUIT, &c.
Syrups and Sugars, Fresh and pure.
FULL STOCK OF NOTIONS, HOSIERY, &c.
The Best Cigars and Tobacco.

BOOTS AND SHOES
For all kinds of wear has been judiciously selected, and will be disposed of at bottom figures. Repairing done. Goods delivered free. Patronage kindly solicited.
F. B. RUSHONG, Trappe, Pa.

1882. Quick Sales. At The Small Profits.
CORNER STORE,
You will find at all times a large and well selected Stock of
Dry Goods and Notions.
Gents' Furnishing Goods, Gents' whole suits made to order; \$5.00 and upwards, from a large Stock of plain and fancy Cassimeres and Worsteds.

PURE FRESH
GROCERIES,
Full Line of the Best QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, WOOD and WILLOWWARE, HARDWARE, and CUTLERY.
Boots & Shoes Direct from the Factory.
PAINTS AND OILS.
By Constantly adding new goods I am able to keep up a good selection.
JOS. G. GOTWALS,
P. O. Address, Phoenixville, Penn'a. Upper Providence Square, Montg. Co.

Large STOCK of GOODS
At G. F. Hunsicker's Store Rahn Station is unsurpassed in Variety, Quality and Price. We mention the principal Departments:
GROCERIES: DRY GOODS.
We always keep a full and carefully selected stock of Fresh Pure Groceries, so that every customer may make satisfactory purchases. Coffee, Sugars, Teas, Spices, canned fruits, of the best. Produce, Apples, sweet and white potatoes, &c., &c., "Eat drink and be Merry," and remember that we can supply you.
Clothes and Cassimers:
We are selling excellent Cloths and Cassimers at first cost. If you want a bargain here is a chance. They are goods in stock from last year and we desire to dispose of them as soon as possible. Also a well selected stock of the latest styles of Clothes and Cassimers at prices that will surprise you for cheapness. Suits made to order. If you need clothing we will clothe you, and you will be happy.
IMPLEMENTS:
Our stock of rakes, forks, shovels &c., is not surpassed anywhere outside of the large towns. Seed time is here, and harvest approaching, and before purchasing your implements call and see our stock and learn our prices. Our object is not merely to sell you one bill, but to secure your regular patronage by fair dealing.
NOTIONS,
We can give you no adequate idea of the stock and variety of Notions, you must call, see for yourself and be convinced. Silk Handkerchiefs from 25 cents to \$1.25. White handkerchiefs, 6 for 25. Full stock of Ladies' and Gents' neckwear. Please remember us when in need.
Remember that our Stock of Crockery and Queensware is the largest in this section of the country. Anything that you may desire we can supply you with at bottom figures.
We extend our heartiest thanks to the public for the liberal patronage that we have received in the past, and seek the present method of extending an invitation to all, old customers and new, to further favor us with their patronage.
G. F. HUNSICKER,
Rahn Station Pa.

Boots & Shoes
In variety. Men's boots for \$1.75—the best for the money in the market. Rubbers, Over-shoes, &c., for men, women and children.
Ladies and childrens' shoes and garters of all styles, at almost wholesale cost. We can supply everybody, young and old, with just what may be wanted in this department, and don't forget us when in need.
Calicoes:
New stock of Calicoes; choicest and latest prints. Gingham in variety. For quality style and price, we are bound to excel. Come and see us. No trouble to show goods. Special bargains in remnant calicoes, of which we have a large stock on hand.
STOCKINGS and HOSIERY:
The largest stock of Stockings and Hosiery outside of Philadelphia. Stockings from 5 cents up. Stockings that were sold at 15 to 20 cents per pair are selling at 10 cents. We can supply you with any variety or specialty that you may desire, so give us a call.

Providence Independent.

Thursday, June 8, 1882.

TERMS:—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.

Milk	6:24 a. m.
Accommodation	8:25 a. m.
Market	1:25 p. m.
Accommodation	4:45 p. m.
FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.	
Mail	7:44 a. m.
Accommodation	9:14 a. m.
Market	3:15 p. m.
Accommodation	6:38 p. m.

SUNDAYS—SOUTH.

Milk	6:24 a. m.
Accommodation	8:25 a. m.
Accommodation	9:55 a. m.
Milk	6:06 p. m.

NORTH.

Accommodation	9:55 a. m.
Milk	6:06 p. m.

A Singing School was organized at Rahm Station, recently. Its meetings are held every Saturday evening. Thus far considerable interest has been manifested in the school.

Samuel Markley near this place, is building a large new barn to meet the requirements of his productive farm. Shuler & Miller are doing the carpenter work.

The Supreme Court has affirmed the decision of the Montgomery county court in the case of Galbraith vs. Zimmerman, a suit brought to compel the performance of an alleged contract for sale of a farm.

The Sunday school association of the Central Presbyterian Church will hold their annual festival on Saturday evening, 17th inst., in the hall at Jeffersonville.

County Superintendent R. F. Hoffecker commenced his annual examination of the teachers of Montgomery county last Tuesday. The first examination was held in Moreland township.

When the house of A. T. Stewart stopped advertising the business began to decline. The more John Wannamaker advertises, the more business he does. Something for business men to think over.

Captain Lambson is using a "Pierce" well excavator, and has sunk a well of sixty feet in three days. Any one wishing to see the excavator at work should call at Black Rock hotel this township, for a few days.

The cool weather of Sunday night and Monday almost warranted the use of an overcoat. The chilly condition of the atmosphere might be termed "winter lingering in the lap" of summer, and so forth.

We take pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the different advertisements in this paper, from old patrons and new. We extend hearty thanks to those who have thus favored the columns of the INDEPENDENT. Readers and advertisers will be benefitted thereby.

Isaac B. Tyson, formerly of this township, died at his residence, at Grater's Ford, on Thursday last, aged 78 years. He was the father of Reuben Tyson, near Mingo, and had resided in this township the greater part of his life. The funeral took place on Monday. Interment in Mennonite burying ground.

Billy-the-worker informs us that J. M. Zimmerman, near Collegeville, has recently made a number of improvements on his large and fertile farm. A new wagon house has been built, large hay scales have been erected, and the barn greatly improved in various particulars. Billy says he enjoyed a "bull-frog dinner" on Sunday.

On Sunday morning last the Bible Class of Augustus Lutheran church, this place, elected a teacher and assistant teacher. John T. Miller and George Ozias were candidates for teacher, and M. H. Keeler for assistant. Messrs. Miller and Keeler received all the votes cast.

Under the direction of Wm. Fenstermacher, the efficient Station agent at Rahm's Station, flower pots are being laid out on the ground adjacent to the depot. The ladies of the town are requested to make contributions of flowers, and they will no doubt cheerfully respond.

daughter of Benjamin Markley, and wife, Rahm Station, died at the home of her parents on Thursday last, after a short illness, of that dreaded and frequently fatal disease, scarlet fever. She was a girl of unusual promise, active in doing her duty and much beloved for her kind disposition. The funeral took place on Sunday. Interment in Trinity Cemetery, Freeland.

The Directors of the Trappe Independent School District met at Frederick's Hotel on Saturday. The Directors were present and the accounts audited for the year. The usual business was disposed of. On Monday the Directors of the township, in connection with the auditors, convened at Black Rock. The yearly accounts were audited and the regular business was transacted.

June.

Hitler rolls the storm of heat;
I feel its fiercer blows best;
Like a sea which me infolds:
Heat with viewless fingers moulds,
Swells, and mellow, and matures,
Purifies, and favors and adorns,
Bird and brier inly warms,
Still enriches and transforms,
Gives the root and life to length,
Aids to oak and oxen strength,
Transforming what it don't unfold,
Life out of death, new out of old.

Emerson.

Abel Thomas and wife, of this township left on last Wednesday for a western trip. They went by way of New York and expect to be absent about three weeks, during which time they will visit relatives in Ohio and Indiana.

On Saturday night last Mansfield Griffith brought a party of twenty-four persons from Norristown to Dorworth's hotel, this place. Dancing was the principal feature of the evening. The party returned home early on Sunday morning.

A child of Jesse Markley, in Limerick township, died on Thursday, of scarlet fever. This is the third child that has died in his family during a month's time, of the same disease.

A report of the condition of the Schwenksville Bank on May 19th shows loans and discounts \$219,073.28; bills of other banks, \$7,567; fractional currency, \$275.16; specie, \$10,313; individual deposits, \$183,997.45.

Today Mr. Abram Hunsberger and wife, this place, leave for Fayette, Seneca county, New York, in company with their son, Rev. Jos. Hunsberger, who arrived here last week. The Reverend gentleman is stationed at the above mentioned place, and is in charge of a prosperous congregation of the Reformed church faith.

The Union Mutual Fire and Storm Insurance Company has elected the following managers: Andrew Supplee, Charles L. Dager, Evan G. Jones, David Truckess, Sr., Martin Kulp, Henry S. Kulp, Solomon Snyder, Henry Ploek, Rufus B. Longacre, Charles Hurst, Henry S. Hallman, Wilkin Hobensack and James Tracy. The managers organized by electing D. Truckess, Sr., President; Henry Ploek, Treasurer, and Charles Hurst, Secretary.

Base Ball.

The Ursinus nine were desperately anxious to win laurels with bat and ball, and with a view of disseminating the fact they sent printed challenges to all the clubs (nearly all) in the State. The Ursinus nine imagined a brilliant future, no doubt, but the Royersford boys left them in the rear last Saturday, all the same, to the tune of 26 to 12. We sympathize with the Ursinus Club. They deserved a better fate, but ambition to accomplish is not always backed by the necessary material. We trust however, they will not throw in the sponge in absolute despair.

Stock Sales.

Allebach's sale at Perkiomen Bridge on Monday was well attended; fair prices were realized. On Monday afternoon next he will sell a car-load of extra fresh cows from Cumberland county.

Emanuel Longacre will sell a car-load of heavy Ohio Fresh Cows at J. Frederick's hotel, this place, on Friday, June 17.

Ironbridge Singing Class.

At a meeting held in Friendship Hall, Saturday evening for the purpose of organizing a singing class. The following persons were elected officers: President, M. G. Hoot; Sec. and Treas., H. T. Hunsicker, Managers, C. H. Detwiler, C. T. Hunsicker and Miss Annie H. Hunsicker. Teacher, J. P. Koons. Forty-five subscribers were enrolled. The class will meet on Saturday evening next. An invitation is extended to all persons wishing to take part in singing.

FOR THE PROVIDENCE INDEPENDENT.

On Thursday, May 24th, at 8 o'clock, p. m., M. Y. Weber, M. D., was united in marriage to Anna R. Casselberry, in St. James' Episcopal Church, Evansburg, by the Rector, Rev. J. L. Hey-singer, Miss Katie J. Casselberry officiated as bridesmaid and Mr. William H. Bean, of Norristown, as groomsmen. The ushers were Mr. Samuel Goudly and Mr. Wictor Casselberry, Miss Ella T. Heyssinger, as organist, performed several selections on the organ, concluding with "Mendelssohn's Wedding March." A very large congregation gathered on the happy occasion to witness the impressive ceremony, and to give the bridal pair a fitting "send off" upon their matrimonial voyage. The church was becomingly decorated with flowers, as a compliment from sympathizing friends. When the organ had pealed its last note, and the wedding party were entering their carriage, the Sexton of the church took up the refrain and rang a loud and merry parted peal.

"Thou' fools spurn gentle Hymen's powers,
We who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A Paradise below."

Rice is becoming a much more popular article of food than heretofore. It is frequently substituted for potatoes at the chief meal of the day, being more nutritious and much more readily digested. At its present cost, it is relatively cheaper than potatoes, oatmeal or grain-grits of any kind. In preparing it only just enough cold water should be poured on to prevent the rice from burning at the bottom of the pot, which should have a close-fitting cover, and with a moderate fire the rice is steamed rather than boiled until it is nearly done; then the cover is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture allowed to escape, and the rice turns out a mass of snow-white kernels, each separate from the other, and as much superior to the usual soggy mass, as a fine mealy potato is superior to the water-soaked article.

Our farmer friends, as well as all others who take interest in Agricultural matters, should read what J. K. Harley has to say in reference to Farm Accounts &c., on the fourth page. That department is in his charge, and we bespeak for him the attention of all interested in that direction. We consider the department an important feature of this paper.

If you are in possession of an item of news that would prove of interest or benefit to your neighborhood, be kind enough to send us the necessary information on the back of a postal card. We want all the news, of a public nature, and we know of no better way than by appealing to friends in this way. At this writing we know of the death of an estimable daughter, and a few of the circumstances connected therewith, but the name of the deceased is a blank to us. A real live, local newspaper must secure the assistance of its readers and friends in the matter of necessary information in relation to transpiring events in different localities. Will our good friends please favor us in the manner indicated. We will cheerfully pay expenses.

Oaks and Vicinity.

The Farmers in this section have finished planting their corn. The growing crops all look very fine with prospects for a bountiful harvest.

The pulpit at Green tree church was filled on Sunday by Rev. John Eisenberg, from Coventry, Chester county. He spoke in an entertaining way, pleasing all that heard him, who hope they may soon have the pleasure of hearing him again. The Sunday School in the afternoon was largely attended, and under the management of Mr. Joseph Fitzwater, is one of the best in this section. It numbers at present about 160 scholars, with ample accommodation for many more.

Mr. Jacob Greger Carpenter at Oaks is full of orders (running over) and is at present engaged remodeling the large barn of Joseph Fitzwater, at Port Providence. Mr. Greger is a first-class mechanic, and employs only good workmen which accounts for his plenty of work.

The premises of the Green Tree church has been beautified by a new pale fence.

Enos Yocum has also put a new fence in front of his residence, giving it an attractive appearance. B. F. Mintzer, has put an addition to his barn.

SOMA.

Mr. William Todd, of Norristown, formerly of Trappe, was not a candidate for re-election to the Board of Managers of the Perkiomen and Reading Turnpike Board, for the reason that he sold out his stock, and also because it is inconvenient for him to meet the Board now that he is a resident at the county seat. Mr. Todd, who is a brother of Dr. John Todd and Mr. C. W. B. Todd, of Pottstown, had been a manager since 1865, or thirteen years, and his record therein is one of active, useful and honorable service. His father, John Todd, of Collegeville, who died in 1861, was a member of the Board of Managers from 1831, or 30 years, and his grandfather, Andrew Todd, was a proprietor and Manager from 1811, when the Company was organized to the time of his death in 1831. Thus the father, son and grandson were Managers of the Company for seventy years in succession.—Pottstown Ledger.

Governor Hoyt has appointed Dr. Joseph Read, of Pittsburg, and General John F. Hartman, R. C. McMurtrie, L. Clark Davis, Dr. S. Wire Mitchell, Dr. J. T. Rothrock and George L. Harrison, of Philadelphia, a commission to examine into the laws relative to the treatment of insane persons in the Hospital at Norristown, and in similar institutions throughout the State, with a view to the amelioration of their condition. As all the appointments have been accepted, commissions have been issued to them. The duties of the commission are defined by the Governor to be to examine into the present system for the treatment of the insane, and to inquire into the legislation and experience of other States and countries, and to make, in time for transmission in his next annual message to the Legislature, a report to him, in writing, of their investigations, conclusions and recommendations for the further protection and amelioration of insane persons.

The Item gives a report of a pleasant birthday surprise party which took place near Rahm's station last week. Nearly forty of the friends of Mrs. Susan H., the wife of Philip J. Davis, chartered a car at Philadelphia and stole a march on the surprised lady, just as she was preparing to go to the corner-stone laying of the Iron Bridge Church. The occasion of all this was to bring joyous greeting to Mrs. D., on the event of the anniversary of her 38th birthday which milestone in her life's journey she passed on Sunday. The special incidents of the day can easily be imagined, and therefore need not be detailed here, further than to say that the groaning tables loaded down with the good things of this life, proclaimed in silent eloquence the acknowledged fact that we live in a goodly land abounding in an endless variety of luxuriant fruits and the necessities of life.

A Beggar-Fraud at a Church Door.

As the people poured out of Wentz's church in Worcester township, on Sunday, after listening to a good sensible sermon by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Huber, they were saluted by an apparently blind, crippled and dried up little old man, who, in a squeaky voice asked for alms. His form tottered as though a complete wreck, and occasionally a tear would steal down his cheek. In one hand he held a dilapidated hat, which he presented for the reception of pennies and nickels. He was the picture of misery, and excited the sympathy of all those who saw him. As a result he was charitably treated, receiving, probably, several dollars. As the crowd

was dispersing the man hobbled off for a short distance, groaning as though there was agony in every step. When he imagined himself out of sight of those who had showered alms upon him, he suddenly straightened himself up the wrinkles left his face; his hitherto stiff arm was stiff no longer; his lameness had entirely gone, and instead of a look of pain his countenance wore the brightest smiles. The man was one of the many frauds who, too lazy to work, beg their living.—Norristown Times.

Dr. S. C. Seiple purchased of Jeremiah Frantz, a house and lot at Centre Square. Mr. Frantz expects to move into the parsonage next week, and Dr. Seiple takes possession as soon as the house is vacated.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks From Abroad.

—The Garfield Lyceum has purchased an organ.

—I. T. Miller is at his stables in Limerick with a fine lot of Canadian horses.

—"The wind bloweth where it listeth and the sound thereof is not heard"—not so with the man who was unable to count the votes.

—The Lehigh Valley Railroad uses fifty thousand envelopes annually.

—The Commissioners of Schuylkill county propose to start a knitting factory in the prison.

—Read Rimby's new advertisement. He has one of the best greenhouses in the county.

—75 quarts of milk; 25 quarts of water. There is no "wool" about that, but a good deal of shoddy, so to speak.

—Frank Deeds of Collegeville handles a nice team of Western Virginia horses.

—Mr. J. B. Geyer has sold his store stand at Gilbertsville, Montgomery county, to Mr. Jacob D. Fagley, of Frederick township, for \$3,500.

—The authorities of Lansdale contemplate the erection of a standpipe by which to supply the town with water from an artesian well.

—The city lady who is a summer boarder at one of our country hotels, saw the farm hand feeding the cows, said, remarked that she thought they didn't salt the butter until after it was churned.

—Send in your advertisements, and put them where they will do the most good.

—Flashes are scarce this week. The wires are slightly out of repair.

—Examine the new advertisement of Culbert the Collegeville druggist. He is constantly adding new stock. Give him a call before he goes elsewhere.

The Criminal Court.

LIST OF THE DEFENDANTS TO BEarraigned THIS WEEK.

The following is the list to be tried at the June term of the criminal court:

Henry Feigley, forgery.
William Wilson and Samuel Wilson, nuisance.
Amos D. Moser, et al., County Commissioners, nuisance.
Edward Bisbing, fornication and bastardy.
Thomas Kelly, selling liquor on Sunday.
John N. Dennoors, compounding a felony.
M. M. Godesnalk, rape and adultery.
Calvin F. Shively, embezzlement.
John McLaughlin, assault and battery.
David Long.
Samuel Johnson, Jr., "
Charles Brown and Samuel Coleman, conspiracy.
William Hollinger, Henry Hollinger and William O'Neill, attempt to commit larceny.
John Leahy, robbery.
F. K. W. selling a note for a patent right contrary to statute.
Milton Stolz, fornication and bastardy.
James Fitzgerald, vagrancy.
John Ruhl, larceny.
William Harhold, rape and adultery.
William Henson, assault and battery.
Jacob Zell, larceny, conspiracy of the peace.
Barney Brady, murder.
Alonso Warley, larceny.
James Wood.
Henry Boie, vagrancy.
William Farrell, vagrancy.
Thomas Davis.
James Martin.
John Duffy.
Peter Burns.
Frank Kennedy.
Thomas Cagston, assault and battery.
Irvin Schrack, fornication and bastardy.
Clayton Reed.
Horace Yorgey, assault and battery.
Charles W. Taylor, false pretences.
James Goff, assault and battery.
Jesse G. Hawley, libel.
John Smith, vagrancy.
James Keene.
Adeline Stepleton, "
Thomas Butts, desertion.
George Ellis, alias Harry Green, vagrancy and carrying concealed weapons.
Michael Nealon, assault and battery.
Frederick Wells, "
The following is a list of persons who have been arrested since the last session of the court:

Philadelphia Produce Market

Flour.

Pennsylvania Extra Family..... 6 00 @ 6 12 1/2

Western Extra..... 7 50 @ 9 00

Rye Flour..... 4 50 @ 5 00

GRAIN.

Red Wheat..... 1 41 @ 1 40 1/2

Oats..... 85 @ 90

Rye..... 90 @ 92

PROVISIONS.

Mess Pork..... 20 50 @ 21 00

Dried Beef..... 15 @ 19

Mess Beef..... 12 50 @ 15 50

Beef Hams..... 25 00 @ 27 00

Hams..... 15 @ 15 1/2

Sides..... 12 1/2 @ 13

Shoulders..... 10 1/2 @ 10

Pickled Shoulders..... 11 50 @ 12 50

Lard..... 11 50 @ 12 50

SEEDS.

Flaxseed..... 2 75 @ 1 50

Timothy..... 2 75 @ 2 80

Clover..... 7 1/4 @ 8

Philadelphia Hay Market.

PHILADELPHIA, June 3, 1882.

During the week ending the above date there were received at the Farmers' Hay and Straw Market 337 loads of hay and 83 of straw, which were sold at the following prices:

Prime Timothy Hay per 100 pounds..... 1 05 @ 1 15

Mixed Timothy Hay per 100 pounds..... 95 @ 1 05

Straw per 100 pounds..... 75 @ 85

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Beef cattle were active, excited and 3/4c per pound higher. 2000 head arrived and sold at the different yards at 8 1/4 @ 10c per pound, the latter rate for extra.

Sheep were in demand at full prices. 12,000 head arrived and sold at the different yards at 3 @ 6c, for shorn and 8 @ 10c, per pound for spring lambs.

Hogs were in good demand and prices were firm. 3200 head arrived and sold at the different yards at 10 1/2 @ 12c per pound, as to condition,

The Shannon Sunday School will hold a strawberry festival on Saturday afternoon and evening, June 17th, for the benefit of the school.

ABOUT DRESS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

Dress Gingham is over fifty new styles, the best quality formerly sold at 15 cents per yard, are now shown at Leopold's for 12 1/2 cents per yard. They are the choicest designs, selected from an immense variety of styles. The quality formerly 12 1/2 cents is now 9 and 10 cents. There is a large variety of new trimmings for them.

Printed linen lawns are cool, wash well, wear well and look well—Leopold's have a variety of styles. See one suit in the window.

Victoria lawns are always desirable goods for a cool wash dress. This season they are extremely low at Leopold's. They are clipped in beauty and sheerness by the new India Lawns Bistate Clairs of which a large assortment are shown at Leopold's.

The cheapest line of fine Ulster Gowns we ever saw, are now selling. We have many, that we buy them under the regular price. H. Leopold.

Sometimes there is a combination of circumstances which will enable us to sell a really good and desirable dress at a "perfectly lovely" price. We have a "perfectly lovely" dress goods, 44 inches wide, wool, worth \$2 for \$1. It may seem strange but it is true. Can't tell you how it came about, but we have them. H. Leopold.

We have now a fine line of silk lace mitts in all colors. An elegant fine style at 60 cents, better than we ever had at 75 cents before. Mitts in cotton or silk very cheap. H. Leopold.

Fine Lisle gloves in greater variety and much cheaper than ever. Our 25, 30 and 37 1/2 cent gloves are about 10 to 12 1/2 cents under former prices. H. Leopold.

For the prettiest and newest styles of beaded ornaments and passementeries in colors to match any goods, go to Leopold's.

Fifty-three ladies work for Leopold's dress making department. If the work continues to increase there will have to be some more employed.

Little boys clothing so troublesome to some mothers, especially for boys from 4 to 8 years of age, can be had, handsomely made to order in choice styles at very reasonable prices, at Leopold's.

The largest store and finest assortment of new dress goods and silks, to be found at Leopold's Pottstown.

PUBLIC SALE

OF

FRESH COWS ! !

Will be sold at Public Sale on Monday June 12, 1882, at Perkiomen Bridge Hotel. One Car-load of Fresh Cows, Direct from Cumberland county. This is the best lot of cows I have ever shipped east. Among the number are two cows guaranteed to yield ten pounds of butter per week, and another cow that will produce 30 quarts of milk per day. No one should fail to attend this sale. Also 40 SHOATS. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock. Conditions by HARRY ALLEBACH. J. G. Fetterolf, auctioneer.

PUBLIC SALE

OF

OHIO COWS ! !

Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY JUNE 16, 1882, at Frederick's Hotel Trappe, Pa., direct from Ohio. These cows are extra heavy in weight, and first-rate baggers and milkers, and merit the attention of purchasers. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock. Conditions by EMANUEL LONGACRE. J. G. Fetterolf, auctioneer.

WANTED,

Immediately, two or three good carpenters, Steady employment. J. Z. GOTWALS. Collegeville Pa.

THE HARTFORD



SEWING MACHINE

Just Perfected.

The largest under arm.

The lightest and quietest.

The most lavishly decorated.

The least vibration of any.

A galaxy of new patents.

Simplicity simplified.

Durability determined.

Reliability reasserted.

Ball-bearing balance wheel; Newest and most elegant design in stand and wood work. Fast, tire take-up, perfect stitch. This machine is wanted by everybody.

MILTON B. HARLEY, Agent.

Royersford Pa.

Also the Domestic and other different makes of machines sold. Oils, needles, and attachments.

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I would announce to my friends and the public, that I am now prepared to furnish all kinds of Marble Work, at reasonable prices.

MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES,

Of Italian or American Marble or Granite, in the finest and latest designs.

GALVANIZED RAILINGS,

For Enclosing Burial Lots, of different descriptions. Particular attention paid to Marble Work, for the bases of

BUILDINGS, STEPS, SILLS, ETC., ETC.

All work Guaranteed to give Satisfaction, and put up in a workmanlike manner. Any design furnished desired on Monuments or Tombstones. Work can be seen at the yard, or the different Cemeteries in the neighborhood, that has been turned out at the ENTERPRISE WORKS. Call and see me, and get prices. My expenses are low; therefore I can sell accordingly. My motto: "Low prices and fair dealings."

RESPECTFULLY,

